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ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1899.—WITH SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. XVIII—NO. 24—WHOLE NO. 919.

## Pen Pictures of Guerrilla Life in Cuba

By THOMAS C. ESTERMAN.

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### SYNOPSIS.

The author, an American gun-maker, in business in Manzanillo, being fond of adventurous experiences, was easily persuaded to accompany one of the Cuban officers to a camp in the Eastern province to repair an outfit of Mauser rifles, and he was by no means averse to sharing for awhile the fortunes of the Cuban patriots. He tells of many lively experiences. Soon after the beginning of the rainy season the party of which the author was a member was reinforced by the arrival of 19 Cubans who had refused to surrender when their commander made terms with the Spanish authorities. A mail route is established by one of the new arrivals, and late news is received from the States.

With the assistance of Mischief Joe I filled the cartridge-boxes of the Bernal detachment and forwarded them to Headquarters as fast as I finished them. But a couple of days after Christmas I noticed that the bushwhackers had begun to avoid my workshop. At dinner I often saw them whisper and eye me askance. There were strangers in camp, but our gossip-monger, Barrios, did not give me the benefit of his investigations into the purpose of their visit.

"There's something wrong, Don Tomas," said my poor youngster. "Pacheco didn't come back, and the Lieutenants haven't been here since Sunday. Yesterday evening that Bernal fellow that carries our mail was coming over here, but Corp'l Marquez called him back, and they put their heads together about something or other. Wonder what can be the matter?"

I made no reply, but could not help feeling uncomfortable. Had I outgrown my usefulness, or were the mostroopers going to boycott me to mark their resentment of the supposed change of American politics?

On the evening of Dec. 28 Black Loo at last called to return a handsaw he had borrowed a week ago, and I detained him a moment to scribble a note to Lieut. Estevan: "What is wrong? Please call, and oblige Th. E."

"All right," said Loo; "he's at the Captain's office, but I'll watch and hand him this the moment he comes out."

I trimmed my lamp and pushed the bench near the pitchwood fire; but the Lieutenant was a long time coming. Was he waiting for the twilight to fade into night? The stars were up, and Little Joe was nodding on his stool, when there came at last a tap at the door, and Lieut. Estevan slipped in with a package of newspapers.

"That's right!" I laughed; "let a fellow see the charges and specifications, anyhow, before you hang him. What's up?"

Lieut. Estevan hesitated. "You can't guess, of course," said he ironically. "How can I? You didn't even send me a copy of my indictment."

"Do you mean that you really did not hear the news? Well, excuse me, then, for not calling sooner, but the plain truth is that we were all ashamed to look you in the face. Your nerves got used to *cosses de Cuba*, I know, but this is something that might scare you into a rush for the next seaport town, and we could not afford to lose you."

"Bad news, then?"

"Yes; a *novedad*, in the literal sense, too," said the Lieutenant; "something new even in this country of widow-robbers and cut-throats. Who was it that said the massacre of St. Bartholomew was a greater misfortune to France than the loss of a Province? We have no Provinces to lose, but I don't hesitate to say that this hurts the cause of Cuba more than if we had lost 10 battles. Hallo! Is Joe awake yet, too? He's listening, with eyes like saucers."

"Yes; he'd give a dollar if you would talk Spanish," I laughed. "He's as good a news-monger as Tom Barrios."

"No; I don't care," said Joe, "as long as you are not mad at us."

We had been talking English all along, but the shrewd little scamp had actually diagnosed the general purport of the conversation.

THE GUIZA MASSACRE.

"They have all in the papers about it, haven't they?" he asked, fingering the bundle, though he couldn't tell a cablegram from a cabbage-seed advertisement.

"Yes; you can read it, if you like," bantered the Lieutenant; "but don't tell Don Tomas. I'll get a chance to break the news." Then in English: "So you really didn't hear about the Guiza affair?"

"Not one word. What Guiza? That little town on the Santiago pike?"

but he's dead now, or skipped, and their present robber chief is Pedro Vargas, a big brute, as black as a crow, and quite as apt to rob a dead man. And now guess what answer he sent them about that jail-bird?"

"Denied the horse impeachment?"

"No; he didn't think it worth while to mention that at all. Demanded the instant release of their prisoner, and warned them that in case they should hang him, he would capture every re-

turned, the next day, they did not guess the worst, and for a week or more expected their missing friends to come back. They might have escaped in a different direction, for all they knew, and in outside reports all that got mixed up with the slaughter of the ambushed posse. The Spaniards themselves, at first, did not know it had been any worse than a truculent raid; but the truth came out when some of the Mayo River prisoners gave their captors the slip."

"Who were these strangers in camp?" I inquired; "some of these refugees?"

"Yes, you guessed it," said the Lieutenant; "and three of them are here yet, preaching a crusade against those demons. I will fetch one of them over here to-morrow, and you will satisfy yourself that there is no doubt of it."

The language of passion came, indeed, never be mistaken, and no hired agitator could have emulated the eloquence

But I soon ascertained that Col. Parras had, after all, omitted no precaution against a possible mistake.

"As an individual," he wrote, "I should not scruple to accept the security of a personal pledge, such as yours; but considering the limitations of my instructions, I must ask that Lieut. Casales of the officers in charge of our reserves while the exigencies of our expedition continue to require the co-operation of our soldiers or guides."

The messenger then accepted precautionary conditions of an escort as far as Chapala, where one of our scouts was to await the reply of the Spanish commander.

Our messenger to Chapala could not be expected to return before the end of that week, and to while away time Captain Holgar had planned a beef-foray for the next day—not without a hope of improving the chances of our New Year's dinner.

But on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 30, Tom Barrios slipped into my shop to inform me that the preparations for the hunting-trip had been postponed.

"There's news from the *Punta*" (the Lookout Rock), he said; "Lieut. Estevan's man came running down at a double-quick, and the Colonel ordered rations for 10 men. They're going to start before midnight, and he's himself on the list again, of course."

Col. Parras was, indeed, a representative descendant of the race that has been described as "incapable of industries, but ready for a thousand raids." After the training of their 600 years' guerrilla war against the irreconcilable Moors, the Castilians dislike domestic drudgery; they are too lazy to traffic or invent, too indolent even to read anything but newspaper gossip, and drowse away the golden hours, but will wake with a whoop at the rattle of the war-drum, as Napoleon the Great ascertained to his sorrow.

HUNTING DOWN THE COCHETE BAND.

The indignation aroused by the Guiza outrage, it seems, had anticipated the plans of our next Spanish neighbors. Telegrams had been flying between Havana and Holguin, Bayamo, Manzanillo and Las Tunas, the combined forces of the East Cuban garrisons were already in the field, and Col. Erruiz had been obliged to mobilize his contingent at short notice.

Our direct co-operation, except perhaps by the loan of guides, had thus become rather superfluous. But there was sure to be a lively campaign. For a day or two the natural strength of their position might be expected to protect the demons of the Mayo River Mountains against any odds. Then, there would be attempts at blockade-breaking, man-hunts, massacres, runaway horses to capture, and wrecked provision-trains to plunder, and Col. Parras was not the man to miss all that fun.

A hurry-order for home-made cartridges kept me and Pacheco busy till near midnight. Our commander with his picked sharpshooters ("Old Privileges" again excepted) did not start until about 2 a. m., and a dozen of the remaining old-timers were instructed to hold themselves ready for emergencies, and keep up a sharp lookout for signals. If the expectation of a haul should be realized, our Colonel promised to be back about Jan. 3 or 4, and in the meantime the project of a general beef-raid was modified to a permission for pothunters in the near neighborhood of the camp.

Mischief Joe was still asleep when Lieut. Estevan tapped at my shop-window the next morning, but everybody else seemed to have been waked by the boom of a cannonade, which I had heard, in a sort of half-slumber, for the last quarter of an hour.

"They are at it," said the Lieutenant, "and away this side of the Mayo Mountains. Our old man was right, that somebody would get fooled if they tried to catch Peter Vargas napping. The grizzly devil is packing his plunder now, I reckon, while his outposts are delaying the Docs in every possible way. I shouldn't wonder if he didn't get a tip from one of his friends in Timbuktoo."

"Timbuktoo" and "Dahomey" are two of the numerous Cuban nicknames for Bayamo, a town with an extraordinary preponderance of African inhabitants. Its faubourgs resemble the shanty suburbs of Jacksonville, Fla., but even in the main streets some of the best shops are owned by mulattoes.

FIGHTING BEGINS.

"Yes; just listen!" said the Lieutenant, when the echo of another boom rolled up through the morning mist. "That sounded like a charge of canister. They brought up mule-batteries, I suppose, and are loading with anything coming handy to clean out a thicket. Hurry up with your telescope, and we may get a glimpse of the circus when the fog clears."

The first cannon-shots, I understood, had been heard in the morning twilight, and now our entire reserve had crowded upon the cliffs overlooking our spring-trail and affording a fair view of the Val de Gallo and the western highlands.

"They are heading the right way,"

(Continued on second page.)

after which we wheeled by companies and passed in review. All would have passed off pleasantly but for one sad accident which marred the scene. One of the limbers of the Pointe Coupee Battery broke in crossing a ditch and upset, wounding two men severely and one mortally. After review we gave the ladies a cheer, and returned to camp, arriving late in the evening, hungry and tired, and having to cook both dinner and supper at the same time.

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Nov. 13 to 16.—We have been working on our house at intervals between other duties for several days, and to-day put on the finishing touches. It is "a thing of beauty and a joy for"—just

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Nov. 25.—This is the day set apart for the great drill. The ladies of Canton have offered a fine silk flag for the best drilled regiment of Buford's or Adams's Brigade. We selected the 3d Ky. to represent us, and Adams's Brigade so-

intense interest prevailing, the ladies and Mississippi troops confident that the 15th Miss. would bear the palm of victory, while we were equally sanguine of the success of the 3d Ky.

The long contest closed at 3 o'clock, and both regiments acquitted themselves with honor. Indeed, it was a hard matter to decide which was entitled to the prize. The 15th Miss. performed better in the manual of arms and in position of the soldier, but the 3d Ky. was equal to them in keeping the step, and far surpassed in maneuvering in the quick, double-quick, and on the run. The judges, after a brief consultation, decided in favor of, and presented the flag to, the 15th Miss., which raised a shout from the Mississippians, and the ladies gathered around them in a mass, offering their congratulations, demonstrating their delight by the most extravagant waving of hats, bonnets and handkerchiefs.

Buford's FAVORITES DEFEATED.

The 3d Ky. is one of Gen. Buford's favorites, and so chagrined was he at their defeat that he was unable to control himself, and in his stentorian voice he commanded, "Forward, double-quick, March." With a yell we charged through Adams's Brigade, into the assemblage of women, children, and negroes, who, terror-stricken, sought shelter behind carriages, buggies, horses, or anything that seemed to afford the least protection. The transformation from joy to fright was as sudden as it was complete, and the scene presented was ludicrous at the time, but we were heartily ashamed of the part we played in it when the excitement was over. Gen. Buford did very wrong, and no doubt Gen. Adams will resent it as an insult to the ladies and his brigade.

Nov. 27.—At 11 o'clock last night we were roused from our slumbers by the old drum, and ordered to cook rations and be ready to march at a moment's warning. We cooked all night, and at daylight had everything packed, but remained in quarters all day, expecting the "warning," which didn't come.

Nov. 28.—The countermand of moving orders was received this morning with loud shouts of approval. The enemy, who were reported to be advancing, have gone back to Vicksburg, and we rejoice that it is so, as it would be too bad to leave our comfortable quarters and go on a campaign, especially as it has turned very cold since the rains of yesterday and last night.

Nov. 29 and 30.—All the boys have built houses, but none of them can compare with ours in comfort, beauty or style of architecture. John is a master mechanic when it comes to erecting a log house. He has the conveniences of kitchen, dining-room and bed-room all in one, a place for everything and everything in its place—one shelf for table-ware, another for cooking utensils, hooks for fish-rags, stools made of split cottonwood; and with a roaring fire in the capacious fireplace, we can sit back and defy the weather, whether it comes in pelting rains or freezing north winds. If the fellows on the other side would agree to it we might have an armistice till Spring to the advantage of all concerned, but they are used to cold weather, and may not know that it is Winter down here.

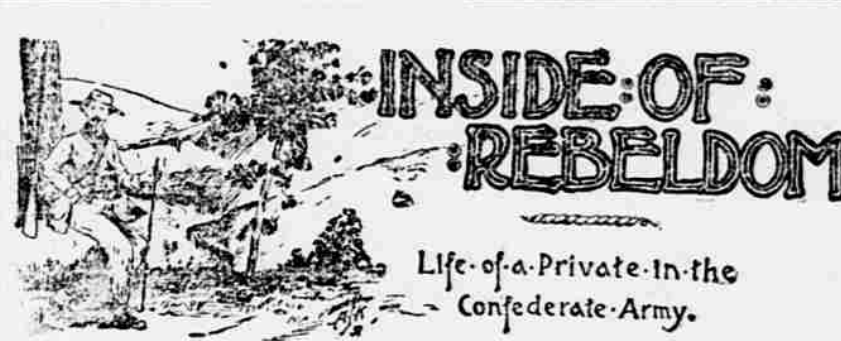
Dec. 1.—Messrs. Irion and Hutton, whom we have been expecting for some time, have arrived from home with clothing for Co. C, 27th, and Co. I, 35th Ala. These two companies were made up in the same neighborhood, and we now have clothing in abundance, which our patriotic ladies spun, wove and made up for us. They still keep up their sewing societies, and never tire working for the soldier boys.

Dec. 5.—I have skipped a few more days, as nothing occurred of special interest. I went to town this afternoon to meet Shelt, who had been to Grenada to bring his sister down so she can go home with Mr. Irion. They arrived on time, and Miss Callie stopped at a boarding-house in town, while Shelt and I returned to camp.

Dec. 6.—Mr. Irion and Miss Callie left this morning; will go in the ambulance to Brandon, on the Southern R. R., where they will take the cars for home.

Dec. 10.—Lieut. Chandler arrived very unexpectedly, as his furlough has not expired, and we were not looking for him for some days yet. He brought letters for most all the company, and, besides, brought me several good books, which I will enjoy, as it is seldom we have anything to read.

Dec. 10-22.—The past 12 days have been so much alike that I will condense it into one short chapter. There are no Yanks nearer than Vicksburg, and no prospect of a movement, so we have nothing but regular routine duties. We still have plenty good beef and corn-bread, on which, with the chickens, eggs, sweet potatoes and such other eatables as we can buy, we are living



BY DR. J. P. CANNON, Co. C, 27th Ala.

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

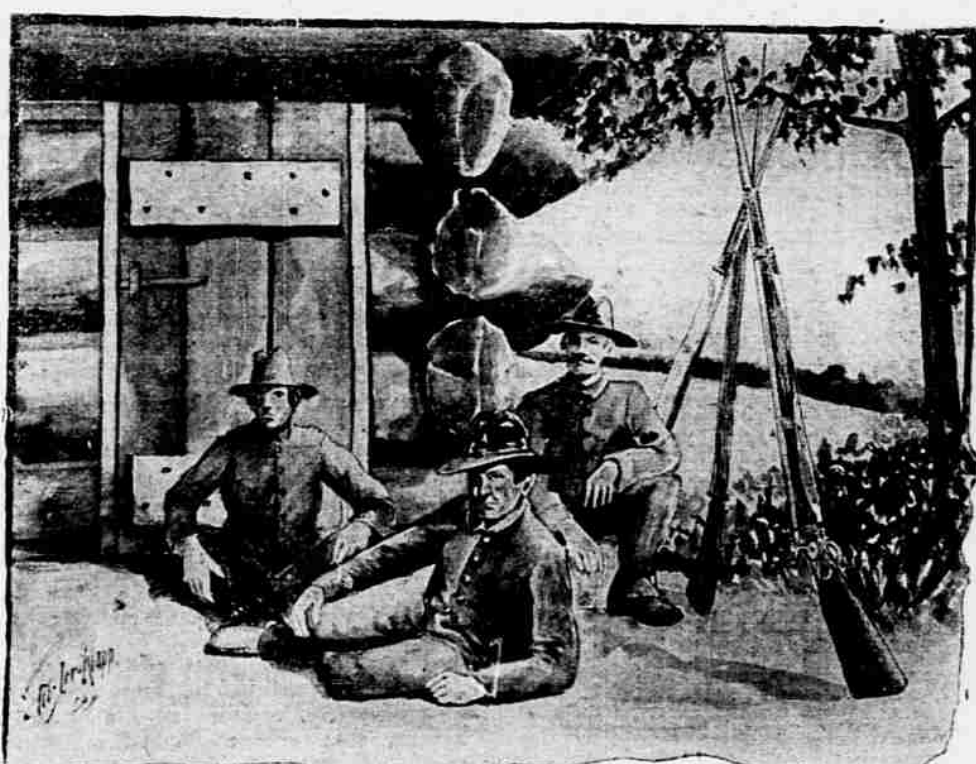
Dr. Cannon, who was a young Alabama boy when the civil war broke out, entered the rebel army not long previous to the battles of Forts Henry and Donelson. After Shiloh, Dr. Cannon and others of his regiment became members of the 45th Miss., and went on the Kentucky campaign, participating in the battle of Perryville and retreating to Knoxville. Finally they went into Winter quarters at Port Hudson, and were present during the naval attack. They were ordered to Tennessee, then sent back to Jackson, Miss., and moved about, until they engaged at the battle of Baker's Creek, after which they maneuvered around Jackson, and after the fall of Vicksburg went to that city, later evacuating it. After remaining some months at Morton, Miss., the army marched to Canton, and goes into camp on the same grounds occupied the previous June. Harry orders are received, and the command returns to Morton.

Canton, Miss., Nov. 9.—The new firm of Jones, Waite & Co. were astir early this morning, but an inventory of the regimental tool-chest disclosed nothing except an ax, a very necessary tool, but a poor showing for as big a job as building a house; however, John had a friend in the person of a neighboring farmer, from whom he borrowed a cross-cut saw, an iron wedge, and a tree. With these we laid siege to two large cottonwood trees, which John said would cut easy and split straight, and would make all the logs we needed; besides, the tops would furnish us wood enough to last us all Winter. We left everything to him and worked under his directions, relying on his superior knowledge of such business, and so eager to get through with it that we didn't even stop for dinner, but put in the whole day, chopping, sawing, and mauling, and by night had the satisfaction of seeing all our logs split and board timber "bolted." Our timber is a quarter mile from camp, and we will have to procure a wagon to haul it before we can have our house-raising.

Nov. 10.—Finished riving boards; cut poles for weights, and have everything ready for house-raising, but couldn't get a wagon to haul the material.

Nov. 11.—Hauled logs and boards, but on account of so many other duties have done but little towards building. The other boys are following our example—all preparing to build.

Nov. 12.—Review of Loring's Division, composed of Buford's, Adams's and Featherston's Brigades, which interfered with our building. Started early, as the review grounds were eight miles, reaching there at 11 a. m., somewhat fatigued, but the charms and smiles of so many pretty ladies, and the desire to excel other regiments, dispelled such feelings. Having formed line and opened ranks, Gen. Loring and the Brigadiers, with their Aids, rode through,



OUR FIRST PICNIC IS THREE YEARS.

lected the 15th Miss. Accordingly we were up early, had breakfast, and formed line in the drill ground in shape of a hollow square, so all could witness the contest. An immense crowd of ladies came out, looking as "fair and lovely as fresh-blown roses bespangled with dewdrops," a large majority of them taking position as near as possible to Adams's Brigade, and in other ways showing their partiality to the 15th Miss. It was natural that they should, and we could not blame them for it.

At 10 o'clock the contest began, the 15th Miss. drilling the first half hour, then retired, and the 3d Ky. came out amid the cheers and shouts of our brigade. The drilling was continued after exactly half an hour at a time, the most

after which we wheeled by companies and passed in review. All would have passed off pleasantly but for one sad accident which marred the scene. One of the limbers of the Pointe Coupee Battery broke in crossing a ditch and upset, wounding two men severely and one mortally. After review we gave the ladies a cheer, and returned to camp, arriving late in the evening, hungry and tired, and having to cook both dinner and supper at the same time.

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